

move precipitously, and put his white smock on and worked with intense concentration for several hours. He was determined to stay awake and work as long as he could, but eventually exhaustion overcame him and he lay down on his cot without undressing and, without surprise, an hour or two later was awakened by a buzzing in his ear. At first, he slapped at it, but immediately took hold of himself: it was useless to slap at something that was not there. He had to persist with self control. The buzzing subsided, and he slept for another hour when he was awakened again by another sound, the crackle of fire. The rotting boards in the warehouse were burning. He could smell the smoke. He leapt from his bed, unlocked his door and rushed out into the corridor, but there was no sign of fire here. The building was silent. There was nothing and no one. He turned to go back into his room when he felt a sting in the back of his neck, like the bite of an insect. He rubbed it impulsively, but his hand felt almost immediately strange. It tingled. His senses were at once alert, but his eyes became blurry, his legs

became rubbery, and perspiration broke out on his forehead. He tried to move, but his body refused. It had become disconnected from his brain.

"Can I help you?" someone asked, and caught Dr. Moore as he was about to collapse. "Amazing," the ventriloquist said, "and so simple." He dragged Dr. Moore's body into his room and lay him down on his cot, careful not to disarray his smock. He wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and brushed his beard out with his fingers so that Dr. Moore should look like the self he was accustomed to being. "I assure you I wish only to do you honor," the ventriloquist said. Dr. Moore appeared on the verge of responding. His mouth was opened and his eyes were intense, but only a little foam gathered on his lips.

His wife sat on the boardwalk and waited for his next visit. After several weeks her cousin expressed surprise that Dr. Moore had not come but Mrs. Moore expressed nothing. She had all she could do to wait. It took up all her time. The ocean and the sky were wonderfully blue, the same color as her eyes.

Monkeyman

Monkeyman do what he wants
Daily dealing death for fun
Looking out for number one
In the monkey lab he haunts.

Unspeakables done to jews
Bashing brains, injecting strains
Of long slow death into the veins
Done to monkeys are no news.

Whitecoat doc do what he please
With the cousins in the cage;
I should be willing to wage
Monkeyman would break your knees.

Cretin king he's so pristine—
When there's kith and kin to slay,
Smartest monkey saves the day:
Misology a sorry scene.

Jerry Schwartz